Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud ſtained with theſe valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly,
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doſt bely him Percy, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd, but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of Mortimer,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle. *Enter Wor.*
Hot. Speake of Mortimer,
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule,
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part, Ile empty all theſe vaines.
And ſhead my deare bloud, drop by drop in the duſt
But I will lift the down trod Mortimer,
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.
Nor. Brother the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turnd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimd
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?
North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandeliz'd and foully ſpoken off.
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?
North He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his coſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergo,
Being the agentes or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtil King.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue don)
To put downe Richard that ſweet louely Roſe,
And Plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnderwent?

No,